

A PARABLE OF PROGRESS.

Said the placid pool to the rippling rill,
As it rolled along on its way down the hill:
"Oh, stay with me here! It is foolish and wrong
For you to be rushing along.
Stop here on the heights; for, as sure as I flow,
You will sink further and further below.
You are noisy and boisterous; be quiet
And hear
The choir of the song-birds carolling near.
Be contented, my brother, and patiently try
To remain where the God of the clouds
Made you lie."
It is wiser and easier far to lie still,
Said the placid pool to the rippling rill.

Said the rippling rill to the placid pool,
As it lay in the shadows so quiet and cool:
"I know it is easy and pleasant to stay
In one's flower-circled bed on the hillside
All day;
That each leap leaves me lower; and that,
Some desert of death may await me below.
Yet some spirit impels, in such magical way,
That I feel it is better to simply obey;
And, somehow, as onward I leap in the night,
Toward the strange, distant valley, I know
It is right,
And that safety is sure if I keep nature's rule."
Said the rippling rill to the placid pool.

So the placid pool lay selfishly still,
Reflecting the stars and the sunshine, until
Its purity paid the high price of its peace;
Its water grew stagnant; its very life-lease
Was cancelled in scorn by the sun overhead,
And the placid pool died in its flower-circled bed.
But the rippling rill, as it sped on its way,
Grew larger and stronger and deeper each day.
The sunshine strewn gems on its breast
As it ran,
To do useful service for nature and man.
It grew to a river, and, when duty-free,
It found permanent peace in the infinite sea.
—Charles Wesley Casson, in the Christian Register.

An Unwitting Crime.

By Oscar Trickett.

HERE was despair written on Jack Marston's face. The walls of the room in which he was pacing restlessly seemed to close in upon him, and the day to grow blacker and blacker as the silence grew and the minutes passed on.

At last he sank helplessly on a lounge in a corner. She came in then—the only woman in the world for him, but he did not notice her until she touched his arm.

"Jack!" her voice shook queerly. "Is she worse?"
"Dead!" he stammered, as his eyes wandered nervously from the girl to the ground. "Edith is dead, and—oh, heavens!—you are accused of murdering her. There is a warrant out for your arrest, and the police are coming here to arrest you—to-night."

Then followed a silence broken only by the quick beating of hearts.
"Dead, Jack!" The girl spoke like one who had been struck a severe blow. "Oh, Jack—Jack!" She broke off suddenly and fell back in a chair. Jack stared at her wildly as he saw the ashy pallor of her face, but when he spoke again there was sympathy and sweetness in his voice.

"Dora—my love!"
"Jack, you believe—"
"My heart—my own heart, against all the juries and judges in the world. You could not have killed my sister—your, who loved her so. Dora—my darling!"
He gathered her in his arms and told her everything then.

Dr. MacManus, the physician in attendance in Mrs. Edith Marston, Jack's sister, who had been stricken down with fever, had left his patient a powerful medicine to be given in twelve-drop doses every two hours, and had cautioned Dora, who had offered to attend to the wants of the sick woman during the temporary absence of the professional nurse, about exceeding the dose, and warned her that a larger dose might prove fatal. He had been summoned hastily in the afternoon following Miss Sauber's departure from the bedside, and had found his patient in convulsions, the effects of a very strong dose of the medicine. His skill was of no avail, and she died in his arms. Dora alone had attended the poor woman during the morning, and administered her medicines and food, and the doctor felt that it was his duty to inform the police of the fact and how his patient met her death. Jack and Dora were to be married within a fortnight; but the death of Jack's sister had blotted out everything now.

The days passed heavily, then came the one when Dora was to be tried for her life. The court was packed. In the morning the prosecuting attorney had given in all his testimony, and, after luncheon, counsel rose for the case. He looked from the judge to the jury and smiled faintly. Very softly he made his speech.

"The prisoner is innocent," he said. He is engaged to the deceased lady's mother, Mr. Jack Marston, and she shared to love his sister as if she were her own. She could not have committed the crime that has been brought against her! She could not! It is tone changed. "I have only one thing, and I fear she is too young to understand the nature of an oath."

The prisoner grew deathly white. He tears came and gave her some relief, but she shuddered when a chair was put into the witness box and a tiny girl, with wavy golden hair and big blue eyes, red now with crying, was lifted gently upon it.
"Your honor," said counsel, "the witness is very young, but I trust her evidence will be admitted."
The judge nodded assent, then coun-

sel turned to the little girl and spoke to her very softly.

"I want you," he said, "to tell us what you told uncle and me the other day about nursing mamma when the lady you see there," he pointed to the prisoner, "was asleep."

The silence that followed was broken only by sobs from the auditors in the room where women were weeping like children children. Then a little shrill voice broke out:

"She—she was sleeping in the chair when mamma asked for her medicine."

"What did mamma say?"
"She said—she said, 'Dear, give me my medicine, I ought to have had it long ago,' but Dora was sleepy—so sleepy—and couldn't give it to her."

"And what did you do, little one?"
Counsel's voice trembled.

"I—I got the bottle, and poured out the stuff in a glass—"

She hesitated, looking frightened. A kindly court attendant patted the fair curls, and she continued:

"And Dora was so sleepy and I was so glad 'cause I could play doctor. It was such fun. I climbed on the bed and said so fiercely, 'Open your mouth,' and mamma opened her mouth and I made her drink all the stuff."

"And what did mamma do?"
"Nuffin!" She went sleepy again."

The unconscious little murderess lost her grip of things and cried as if her heart would break:

"Mamma—I want my mamma—my mamma!"

Tender hands carried the poor child away.

Dora fainted when the jury, without leaving the box, brought in a verdict of "Not guilty," and Jack took her home in a cab.

In the quiet of the house she recovered, and went to her room and locked herself in. Now that the trial was over, the nurse that she was a free woman again swept over her and almost crushed her. Jack paced silently up and down the passage outside her room for the remainder of that day and all through the long night. When dawn broke he tapped gently, and the door was opened from within.

Without a word he lifted the girl in his arms and kissed her tear-stained face. And then suddenly he gave a low cry, for the beautiful reddish-golden hair, whose soft waves he had so often caressed, lay in streaks across a wrinkled brow, and in the place of the gold was the sheen of many silver threads.—New York Weekly.

Faithful Failures.

Such was the quaint description applied by Robert Louis Stevenson to all human beings who had done their best to do well in life. He felt that however much we tried, we should hardly be able to realize the highest ideals; we should be failures, judged by that lofty standard, but we should at least be faithful because we had done our utmost.

To get on in life, speaking of material things only, is the desire of every one, yet it is only the minority who do their best. There is a lamentable lack of determination, a deficiency of "grit" and "go" in so many of us. We see the object, we sigh for its attainment, we make spasmodic attempts to reach it, but we shrink from taking too much trouble about it, and we cannot strive steadily and unswervingly for it.

Those are not the faithful failures. We cannot impress too strongly upon our children and upon those older ones who are just commencing life, that if they would succeed in climbing the ladder to any appreciable extent, they must cultivate the quality of "sticking at it"—to use a popular phrase—and that they must aim high. If we so seldom reach the rung of the ladder which we have in view, and experience teaches us that this is more frequent than we like to believe, then it is better to fight for a still higher position. The probability is that we shall fall short of that position, but attain one higher than would have been the case had we not been aspiring.

Stevenson, doubtless, had the moral side of things in view when writing those words, but they apply equally well to the material facts of life.

\$50,000,000 Yearly For Golf.

Would you imagine that something like \$50,000,000 could be spent yearly on the game of golf? To begin with, there are 879 golf clubs in England, 700 in the United States, 632 in Canada, 134 in Ireland, forty-three in Wales and sixty-three in different parts of the continent. There are, all told, probably not less than 3000 organizations devoted to golf playing.

These clubs, counting their grounds, buildings and preliminary expenses, represent a permanent investment of \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000; and comparatively few of them can be run at a yearly expense of less than \$5000. The average membership is about 200 and the average yearly subscriptions of these 600,000 golf players amounts to nearly \$20,000,000. Each of the clubs is equipped with an outfit that costs on an average about \$20; and the yearly purchase of golf clubs, all over the world, amounts, therefore, to several millions of dollars.—Springfield Union.

How to Water Plants.

It is much wiser to give plenty of water each every few days than a little each day. The latter method keeps the surface moist, and the roots naturally rise for the moisture, so that they are near the surface and will be injured by the heat of the following day.

Give enough water to go deep, or else just enough to wash the leaves. The amateur should by preference water at night, for then the moisture has a chance to do its good work before evaporation starts under the heat of the sun's rays, as it does almost at once when watering is done in the morning.—Garden Magazine.

LANDED AT ANNAPOLIS.

Paul Jones Remains in the Safe-Keeping of American Navy.

WAS A NAVAL FAMILY FUNERAL.

Honored By the Frenchmen—Coffin Deposited in the Temporary Vault—Religious Ceremonies by Chaplain Clark—Parting Volley and Taps Sounded—Tomb is Guarded by Marines.

Annapolis, Md. (Special).—For the first time in nearly a century and a quarter the body of Admiral John Paul Jones touched American soil when eight American jacks Monday morning bore the casket containing the remains across the floor to the north wall of the seaway of the Naval Academy, Annapolis.

The event was the most imposing and significant of all the ceremonies in honor of the dead. For several days the body has been on ship in American waters, but the most touching incident was the final landing.

The very simplicity of the arrangements made the scene all the more impressive. Never before has there been such an array of battleships in the Chesapeake Bay, and never before in times of peace has the historic old Maryland capital witnessed a more inspiring military display.

Early in the morning the squadron saluted the shore with 13 guns, and Rear-Admiral Sands returned Rear-Admiral Sigbee's salute with the same number of guns. Then Admiral Sands and his staff sailed out to the Brooklyn on the tug Standish, which was to bring back the remains of Admiral Jones.

At 9.30 o'clock the ship's crane of the Brooklyn was fastened to the casket in the hold deck, and in a few minutes the body was swung over the side to the aft deck of the tug. The body-carriers, consisting of eight sailors, took their places near the coffin, and the Standish steamed up the Severn.

While the preparations for the transfer of the remains from the flagship were being made several companies of marines and sailors were being towed ashore in cutters drawn by launches.

The first detachment to arrive was the band and a company of marines, commanded by Lieut. A. H. McGraw, from the Brooklyn. Then came a company of jacks and marines from the Iowa, followed in quick order by the rest of the American seamen. The first battalion of sailors was commanded by Lieut. Com. H. F. Bryan, of the Alabama, and the second battalion was commanded by Lieut. Com. Harry George, of the Tacoma.

The battalion of marines was formed by companies from the first and second divisions of the North Atlantic squadron, and was commanded by Capt. T. H. Lowe.

Among the last to arrive was the company of marines from the French cruiser Jurien de la Graviere, under Lieutenant Breynna. Clad in blue jackets and white caps with a red tassel, they formed a striking contrast to the spotless white uniforms of the American seamen. In their drill and appearance they also differed widely from the others in the parade. All of them were of middle age, while our marines appeared to be mere youths beside them. In the march they carried their guns somewhat askant and their stride was short and jerky, which was very noticeable when compared with the long, easy step of the Americans.

When the two battalions had landed the men were drawn up in brigade front, stretching for 300 yards along the seawall, to receive the body of Admiral Jones, in the following order: The naval band at the head, followed by the Naval Academy marines, the fleet marines, the French jacks, the American sailors, the midshipmen and the officers of the squadron.

At 10 o'clock the Standish arrived off the float, which was decorated with American flags and the pennants of an admiral. Immediately in front of the float was the detachment of French marines and on the float were a small detachment of American seamen and the eight honorary bodybearers from the Graviere.

As the remains of Admiral Jones touched shore a minute gun, the first of a rear-admiral's salute, was fired, and the Naval Academy Band, under Prof. C. A. Zimmerman, greeted the arrival with a flourish of drums and angles. When the casket was being put in the hearse the band played Chopin's "Funeral Dirge."

Slowly the procession moved forward in the order given above, the hearse being in the midst of the American marines. In front of the hearse were Rev. H. H. Clark, chaplain of the Naval Academy, and Rev. G. L. Bayard, chaplain of the Brooklyn.

During the march from the landing and around the athletic grounds to Maryland avenue and the formation on the parade grounds the admiral's salute continued, and the affair was so well fired as the hearse drew up in front of the float that the last gun of the salute was the temporary vault.

Rattler in Child's Bed.

Altoona (Special).—Samuel Stiers, of Woodward, had an experience with a rattlesnake that he will not soon forget. His little son was ill and was confined to a bed on the first floor. The front door was kept open, day and night, for fresh air. When Stiers entered the sick room in the morning he heard a peculiar noise. Investigation revealed a rattlesnake coiled up on the sick boy's couch. Procuring a pole, Stiers flung the reptile upon the porch, where the dog was quick to grab it and shake the life out of it.

Visits His Own Grave.

Pottsville (Special).—Philip Harley, of Pottsville, had the curious experience of visiting his own grave. A week ago a man was killed by the Philadelphia and Reading "flyer" near Shoemakersville. From effects found on the body it was believed to be Harley's and was buried in the Potter's Field when no one claimed it. Harley turned up Sunday, and when told of the incident visited the place and deposited a bouquet of flowers on the grave.

NEWS IN SHORT ORDER.

The Latest Happenings Condensed for Rapid Reading.

Domestic.

The Governor of Colorado has granted the requisition of the Governor of Massachusetts for John Shidlofski, the Boston barber charged with wife murder.

Judge De Haven has granted an appeal of Senator Mitchell's case to the Supreme Court of the United States on a bill of exceptions.

Major C. E. Gillette has been appointed a member of the commission to investigate the Torredale filter plant of Philadelphia.

The citizens of San Diego will erect a monument to the memory of the men who lost their lives in the Bennington explosion.

The fire in the Texas oil fields is still burning fiercely. Twelve persons have been burned to death.

Darling Dowling, Jr., was killed in a fight at Fort Mudge, Ga., and Charles Crews was severely cut.

The investigation of the General Paper Company before Special Examiner Taylor began at St. Paul.

The new comedy opera, "The Merry Khan," was produced at the Euclid Garden in Cleveland.

The funeral of former Secretary of War Daniel S. Lamont will take place Wednesday.

Timothy Darling shot and killed one woman and wounded two other persons in Chicago.

The Minneapolis linseed oil industry is paralyzed because of the corner in flaxseed.

The oil tanks of the Texas Company at Humble, Tex., were destroyed by fire.

Five military convicts have escaped from the guardhouse at Fort Wright.

Veterans, Sons of Veterans, members of Woman's Relief Corps and other patriotic societies attended the funeral in Boston of General Blackmar, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Three laborers drank a can of beer and laid down on the Burlington tracks, at Omaha. One was killed, another fatally injured, and the third was injured and not awakened by his shaking up.

A collection of \$25,000 was taken up at the closing session of the Missionary and Christian Alliance of the Eastern District of the United States at Lancaster, Pa.

A New York woman who is the mother of six children has passed the examination for admission to the New York bar. She was at the head of 1,000 candidates.

Anthracite coal operators are reported to be storing immense quantities of coal with a view to resisting the demands of the miners when again made.

Denmore Place, the historic home of the Bayard family, in Wilmington, will be sold in the settlement of the estate of the late Thomas F. Bayard.

Six passengers on the steamer Panama, having abandoned their positions on the canal.

The New York Legislation Committee will not be hampered by restrictions in its investigation of the Equitable Life Assurance Society.

A Polish merchant of Pittston, Pa., is dead as the result of fright because of receipt of several "Black Hand" letters.

Miss Florence Everett, of South Amboy, had a thrilling experience by being lost in a coal mine at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Miss Frances Schroeder, daughter of a former mayor of Brooklyn, New York, will wed Alfred J. Boulton, a mechanic.

William Holroyd, a machinist, 23 years old, killed his 17-year-old wife in Philadelphia and the committed suicide.

It is reported that the grave of the mother of Abraham Lincoln, near Lincoln City, Ill., is neglected.

At a prayer-meeting in a Cleveland Baptist Church John D. Rockefeller said he never tasted rum.

A serious riot occurred at the celebration of a Polish wedding near Latrobe, Pa.

Charles M. Schwab denies that he gave \$25,000 for a copy of "Fads and Fancies," but admits that he paid \$1,500 for a subscription.

In order to avert a disaster like that of the General Slocum, the steamer Sirius, with 1,000 Sunday School excursionists on board, was run ashore after she had struck a rock, which knocked a hole in the bottom.

A Lockport (N. Y.) woman left \$5,000 to her only child and \$40,000 for a home for homeless dogs and cats.

Mary L. Nelson, who sued Frederick Gebhardt for \$65,000, got judgment by default.

The rate war between New York and Chicago may lead to a reduction of the fare to \$1.

J. H. Patterson gave a dinner to 10,000 persons in Ohio.

Foreign.

The czar and the German Emperor had their conference on the Hohenzollern, and the czar returned. There is much speculation in Berlin and St. Petersburg as to what the nature of their interview was.

Premier Balfour announced in the British House of Commons that the ministry had no intention of resigning on account of its defeat last week.

Thousands of roughs terrorized the city of Nizhni Novgorod, in Russia, killing all the respectable people they met.

The Turks are meeting with some success against the insurgents at Sanaa, the capital city of Yemen province.

Dr. Juan Pablo Rojas Paul, former president of Venezuela, died in Caracas, Venezuela.

The Servian elections resulted in a victory for the government.

M. Witte and Ambassador Nelidoff sent a courier from Paris to the czar with a message giving the result of their interview with Premier Rouvier and explaining France's attitude.

The Emperor left Peterhof on board the imperial yacht Standart for Bjorko to meet Emperor William at dinner on board the German imperial yacht Hohenzollern.

The French Minister of Marine has decided to send a squadron to visit the United States.

Havana has declared quarantine against New Orleans because of yellow fever.

THE BOILERS WERE BAD.

Reported Leaking Just Before the Vessel Was Blown Up.

SAN DIEGO HOSPITALS ARE FILLED.

The Dead Given a Military Burial Sunday Afternoon at Point Loma—The Doctors and Nurses Worked All Night at Hospitals—Fifteen Bodies Believed to Be in the Hold of the Vessel.

San Diego, Cal. (Special).—That the boilers of the United States gunboat Bennington, which was blown up Friday were known to be weak was stated by surviving members of the crew.

The following is the gunboat Bennington's casualty summary:

Total known dead, 60.
Bodies recovered, 49.
Bodies in ship compartment, 7.
Missing (may be drowned), 15.
Severely injured, 50.
Probably fatally injured, 6.
Probable ultimate total number of dead, 81.

A number of men are still missing. Some of these may be dead, and probably a dozen of the injured will die of their wounds.

Fireman E. G. Hopp made the first definite statement regarding the cause of the accident. A short time before the explosion, he says, one of the boilers was found to be leaking badly, and the boiler-maker was sent for to repair the damage. Before the latter came the explosion occurred. Hopp saw men all about him killed outright, and he himself was stunned for a moment.

A Honolulu dispatch relates that the Bennington's boilers were leaking when she left that harbor. Repairs were made to other parts of the machinery at Honolulu, but the boilers were not repaired.

The men who were injured say it was the talk of the ship for six months that the boilers were defective, and many of them had feared for a long time that just such an accident would happen. One of the men said that a year ago last February, while the ship was at Magdalena bay, the engineer of the cruiser New York was sent for to inspect the boilers, and he reported that they were in good condition. While the vessel was in San Francisco last year the talk of defective boilers again arose, but no steps were taken to remedy them.

That the naval officers knew the boilers were not strong is indicated by the fact that before the gunboat departed on the trip to Honolulu the boilers were specially inspected, and the inspector decided that the boilers were strong enough to enable the vessel to make the voyage to Hawaii and return to the Mare Island Navy Yard.

The upper deck amidship presents a mass of wreckage. The smokestacks have been blown out of place and the superstructure is bent and twisted in all sorts of shapes. The plates on the side are bulging out and leaks in a number of places are letting in the water.

John Turpin, colored, who was on board the Maine when she was blown up in Havana, was on board the Bennington and again escaped injury. He rendered valuable aid in rescuing the dead and wounded.

Every effort aboard the Bennington was bent toward reaching the dead bodies beneath the steel bulkheads in the closed and flooded compartments. A fire engine from the local fire department was utilized to pump out the water which during the night and morning periods of high tide rose high in the engine and boiler rooms.

Out of the confusion that followed the disaster and the work of rescue came thrilling stories of heroism and self-sacrifice. The bravery of the crew was phenomenal. Men who were badly injured and scalded worked to rescue those who were worse off than themselves. The self-sacrificing efforts on the part of the physicians and scores of nurses also won high praise. Everyone who could be made useful at the hospitals was put to work.

Bennington's Dead Buried.

San Diego, Cal. (Special).—Forty-seven of the gunboat Bennington's dead were buried Sunday in a common grave in the little military cemetery on the crest of the promontory of Loma, high above the waters of San Diego Bay, on the one side, and within sound of the booming surf of the Pacific on the other. Without the crash of drum or the sound of brass, without pomp or parade, yet with simple impressiveness, all honor was paid to the nation's dead.

They have honored dead to keep them company. All about them lie those who died in the nations in more trying times. Gravestones, yellow with age, bear the names of men who died at Monterey, in the Mexican War; others who gave up their lives in the conquest of California, and who followed Commodore Stockton at Old San Pasqual. These are their neighbors in death.

Army and Navy paid their last tributes no less sincere than the simple grief of the representatives of peace, who made the long journey around or across the bay. From Fort Rosecrans came the One Hundred and Fifteenth Company, coast heavy artillery; from the city of San Diego, the naval reserves; from the Universal Brotherhood's Home, on Point Loma, a company of khaki-clad representatives, and from the government ship Fortune a dozen sailors. But the most impressive body of mourners were the 32 men from the Bennington.

Besides these there were hundreds of civilians, who, unthoughtful of the fatiguing journey from the city, brought their offerings of flowers to lay upon the graves.

Alfonso to Visit William.

San Sebastian, Spain (By Cable).—It is rumored that Emperor William has asked King Alfonso to time his visit to Berlin so as to include September 1, the anniversary of the Battle of Sedan, but the Spanish Government has replied that the King would wish to remain in Spain until the general elections, which take place September 6.

The question was discussed between Gen. Montero Rios, the Premier, and Herr Von Radowicz, the German Ambassador.

JAPS ADVANCE ON VLADIVOSTOK.

Large Reinforcements From the Main Army—Russians Captured.

Russian Headquarters at the Front (By Cable).—The Japanese advance from Korea is taking on a more energetic character, and is being pushed toward Mousan, Nangan and Hagsawa. The Japanese seem to have received heavy reinforcements from Field Marshal Oyama, again army in front of General Linovich.

A landing of Japanese near Vladivostok would not be surprising, and their operations appear to be concentrating in that direction.

The Japanese advance in the Island of Sakhalin has reached Vladimirovka. The Japanese artillery includes 40 machine guns.

Tokio (By Cable).—Admiral Dewa reports that a Russian lieutenant and 13 marines, formerly belonging to the battleship Kniaz Souvaroff, flagship of Vice Admiral Rojestvensky, recently landed from a boat at Enduma Point on the Island of Sakhalin, and were taken prisoners.

According to their statement they were ordered to navigate the British steamer Oldhamia to Vladivostok, but to be paid to the testator's brother, Clark A. Miller, of New Rochelle, and at the end of three years part of all of the principal to be paid over to him on condition that during the year he has abstained from the use of every form. Dr. Charles C. Miller, another brother, inherits the other half of the estate and some personal belongings, and is one of the executors, with full power to determine what portion of the conditional bequest shall be paid over.

To have a ghost walk in and demand his clothes was a novel experience of the desk force at the West Sixty-eighth Street Police Station. Harry Willis, 255 West Thirty-eighth street, was the ghost.

"Go on!" gasped the Sergeant. "You ain't got any clothes; you're dead! You were drowned in North River Tuesday night."

"Was I?" said Willis. "Well, don't you think it. I was in swimming, and fell asleep afterward in a freight car. When I woke up I found that the car had moved out and I was in Spuyten Duyvil. I borrowed a pair of trousers and telephoned my mother, who brought me clothes. In the meantime, you had found mine and reported me dead. But please, sir, gimme my clothes!"

And he got them.

Some practical joker, maybe—some misguided enthusiast, possibly—tried to scare or blow Edward Wasserman of the Stock Exchange out of a railroad bull movement by sending him a cigar box loaded with black gunpowder, matches and strung a pull. If you pulled 'em, they'd scratch and start things. The package came by mail, and on the box inside was the name of Thos. W. Lawson, indicating that whoever it had gone daft over the frenzied finance agitation and thought he was doing level finances a good turn. The Postoffice Department is looking the matter up.

Cupid will do a good business with a trio of Jersey City young men before next July 4. William Locke, George J. Stillman and James Murray—the first a clerk of the Second District Court, the second a lawyer and the third an employee of the Pennsylvania Railroad—have signed a formal agreement that any one of the three failing to marry by that date must forfeit \$50 toward the wedding expenses of the more lucky ones. Locke is said to be calling on half a dozen girls at once, to meet any possible contingency; Murray is said to be engaged already, and Stillman is making good his name by working on the quiet.

Abraham Lieberman is one of the little tenement babies of Williamsburg to whom hot weather means suffering, maybe death. So his parents have been taking him to the roof of their tenement, at 47 Morrell street, to catch what he might of the stray breezes. Last evening Abraham crawled out to the cornice on an exploring expedition. In fell five stories to the street below. His fall, but was worsted. A blow on the left eye, which left an ugly cut, knocked him unconscious, and he was dragged into a hallway, where he was several hours later.

Search for his assailants has been unavailing.

Newspaper Plant Burned. Little Rock, Ark. (Special).—The newspaper and job-printing plant of the Arkansas Democrat was burned. Estimate of the loss shows an aggregate of \$180,000, with insurance of \$100,000. The plant, a two-story building, was burned to death, his charred body being found in the ruins today.

The fire had gained great head before it was discovered.

Robbers Cut Wrist of Real Estate Man and Stood Him in Doorway. Chicago (Special).—The police believe that John Tesmer, who died at the county hospital an hour after he had been found in a doorway, was the victim of torture inflicted by men who waylaid and robbed him.

Tesmer, who was a prosperous real estate man, had collected rents at several places and was going home when he was attacked by highwaymen. He fought, but was worsted. A blow on the left eye, which left an ugly cut, knocked him unconscious, and he was dragged into a hallway, where he was several hours later.

Search for his assailants has been unavailing.

Appointments By President. Oyster Bay, L. I. (Special).—President Roosevelt announced the following appointments. John